

2Pac Lyrics

"Street Fame"

Turn it up in my head phones, please
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
More, ha ha, comin' to a ghetto near you

I wasn't mad until these tricks shot me
It's time I sanitize my posse
Look how paranoid these niggas got me
Cellular calls are being traced since surveillance silently
Mama, chill, thug livin' pay the bills, I'm dyin' violently
Closed caskets, expose bastards, I leave 'em bloody
Delores Tucker, don't let your kids
Hear a nigga speak on gettin' money
Ain't nothin' funny, green got a nigga seein' things
Why? Hit the lye, hope to God I can fly
Lethal weapon, I'm a savage; still a method to my madness
Blast niggas, laugh, call 'em care cabbage
Read 'em and weep, put 'em to sleep, they hell bound
Lyrics will leave 'em spell bound
Clown, now tired of being held down
Cross my heart, hope to die, blind with some pussy
Millionaire, livin' care free, sucka free, playa haters miss me
Hope in hard times never catch me slippin'
Fuck authorities! They wonder why minorities be trippin'
We ain't havin' it, time to tear this shit back
Ghetto children kick back
Once I hit the MAC, niggas'll never get they shit back
Spit it so eloquently, my pistols represent me
Bust until my rounds empty; back for the street fame

One love to my true thugs
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Bust! Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
All out warfare, eye for an eye
Bustin' on my enemies, bad boy killin'
Straight dissin' you
Fuck Lil' Kim, you nasty bitch!

Temperatures rises, niggas blinded by my lyrical disguise
No time to plot retreats, niggas shiver and die
Multiple rounds found laced in his body and face
Wrapped in plastic, the acid erased all traces
Criminal tactics, the rap game became so drastic
Military mind, mash all the hoes, get blasted
If we bleed then they suffocate, chokin' in terror
So we strive seein' our lives be reflected in mirrors
The prophecy is clear, niggas lock and load, disappear
Strategize with no fear, wagin' war for years
The crack game wasn't big enough, ready to rush
Bitch made motherfuckers get murdered and touched
I go to jail niggas screamin' free me, speakin' freely

Conversatin' with my comrades kickin' Swahili
Indeed they should fear my first seed
It gets worse, planned a curse to be a G, on the first to breathe
Currency in stacks, artillery in the back
Strapped, armies, we camouflaged in all black
When we attack, holla out my set, nigga
Tighten your jaw, givin' birth to Outlawz, street fame

Bust, nigga bust!
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame
Only Makaveli the Don
Can put it down like this; ain't none like me
Comin' to a ghetto near you, with street fame

Positive identification, got me rushed to the station
Stuck in this line up, tryin' hard to hide my face
They placed the name but can't recall description
I ain't did shit, officer, that bitch trippin'
Promise retaliation, their plan busted, no man to be trusted
Everything corrupted once man touch it
Kamikaze, hopin' that none of the spies find me
That's why we bye bye daily, knowin' cops trail me
But why cry? Floatin' while we tokin' on this potent branch
Flossin' in the thug stance, pistol tucked inside my pants
Never underestimate me, playa hate me, see me and hide
Sure as hollow-points shatter, enemies die
Spread love, dead thugs gettin' buried in riches
Take a chance to advance; fuck them worryin' bitches!
Penitentiary's a possibility, bust and pray
Wear a rubber so I live to fuck another day, hey!
Ain't nothin' strange, I'm 25, dyin' to change
But still I bang wantin' street fame

That's the end of that
Thugged out, Makaveli the Don
Representin' the Outlawz, street fame
One love to my true niggas
Comin' to a ghetto near you street fame
Makaveli the Don, Killuminati
Comin' to a ghetto near you, street fame

Yo, check this out, I'ma tell you like this
If the lifestyle that you livin'
Got you taking more fuckin' shorts than gettin' props
Then that lifestyle need to stop
Best to recognize some Outlaw shit
'Cause only in this Outlaw lifestyle can you truly come to
To see what this life's supposed to be like
Nigga, you'll start to see riches
Fine bitches and hittin' switches
Shit, to me that shit sound delicious; street fame

